

The Snake of Fortune.

Wherein may be seen that mo-
ney is not the only cause of mis-
chance and vnfavour at endes:
but a necessary mean to
maintayne a tes-
tuous quiet
lyfe.

Created in a Dialogue be-
tweene man and
money.

Imprinted at London, by
John Wapland, at the signe
of the Sonne ouer against
the Conduitt in Fleet-
street.

Cum priuilegio per octo
annum.

ARISTOTEL

IT IS DAY.



Synt Paule Doctoz of veritie, sayeth that Auarice is the roote and beginning of all euyles: Algate the men of this tyme present, be thereto much enclined. For of all Clurkes the hyghest vnto the lowest, all geue they: And vnto Auarice, and euery one despyeth to haue golde and syluer: and for to haue the same they traueyle nyght and daye, by water and by lande, thynkyng therein to fynde quietnes and rest, whiche shal neuer be: For in ryches is neuer rest. The more that a man hath therof the more he despyeth. For Auarice of the owne nature is vnslackable, accordyng to the saying of the Sage in the first Chapter of Ecclesiastes. The couetous man is neuer satisfied. And Hoace the Poete sayeth that the Couetous man is alwaye anhungred. And St. Jerome sayeth that the looue of worldly goodes is vnslackable. And Boece in his thirde booke of Consolacion sayeth that if the man whiche is avaricious had all the world in his domination, he woulde not be content: for ever he woulde desyre to haue worldly goodes more and more, and principally money, whiche neuer shoulde be nouous vnto man wete not his couetise, whiche euer henneth mans harte: For God hath made the syluer as well as other thynges for the seruice of man. vnto whome he hath made all thing subiect. But whan the man letteth his appetite, and despyeth to get money otherwys than by right and conscience, that may be called avarice whiche hath dominion vpon the man aboue reason: and so it appeareth that the whiche shoulde be mayster is the seruant, and he that shoulde be subiecte, is the ladye, whiche is great blndnes in man.

Thus is money mayster of the man, and man to money is subiecte, and is therewith so abused, that he deeth more therfore than for his maister, or for the health of his soule: O faulte of wisdom, o fault of reason, O faulte couetise thou art cause of the perdition of many men, thou art cause that infinite euyles be dayly committed in this mortall world. And now to shew more playnly that men be enclined to gather money, and consequently be subiecte to the same, I haue put here in wyppynge a question made betwene Man and Money, by maner of a Disputacion,

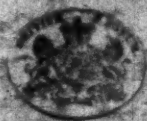
whiche vary in theyr wordes the one agaynst the other: For money woulde shewe his great power, and man speaketh agaynst hym.

But after great
disputa-

cion the man abyrdeth vanquished because of his
couetous mynde, confessing that it is a
great felicity to haue money
in possessi-

on.

(..)



(..)

The Salte and Share of Fortune.
Money begynneth.



All mankynde desyring of honour,
That woulde of worldly welch haue long labour,
Cum hyther to me that am of worthy valour.
I am the prince perelless in puissance
My name is money, that haue in gouernance
All worthy saytes to lose of els to bynde:
Eche man requyeth to haue myne acquaintance,
For good fortune by my frendshyp they fynde.

O lord there is, lady, no choise of kinde,
what for my power and wise circumspection;
That they ne beate to me a lousyng minde,
And gladly woulde lyue vnder my protection:
at hat man of hymselfe by might or wise inspection;
without my meane can worke a worthy dede:
None doubtles, for I set all in good direction:
who lacketh money is not like to spede.

Man answereth.

With boasting wordes thy selfe how doest thou laude,
Presumption in thee appereth to be great:
Thou art false money, full of deceipt and fraude,
In vaunting wordes is set thy full contente,
Of cursednes thou art the chiefe receit:
I am the man that shall it proue anon,
Against thy pride so shall I lay a bayte,
And cast thee forth a bone to piike vpon.

In all the lawes and booke many one
I finde how thou art roote of all mischief,
Through thee full many a wight hath misgone:
For vnto man thou art so bere and lyer,
That he betumeth a robber, and a thief,
For thee forsaking God and al goodnes,
And hanged is at last for thee with great reprobite:
This wage he winneth by thy worthines.

Money.

Man I perceiue thou speakest without thy boke,
But I shall answer to thy foolishnes:
Thy wit is noughte it standeth all a crooke,
Thy tounge is racle, thy wit is rechles

Al. That

Thus to repoite of me suche wickednes
That neuer knowingly against thee did ne spake:
With me to dispute thy minde is great (I gesse)
Speke what thou wilt, and answere shall I make.

Unto my faite good hede if thou doe take,
Who lacketh me he liketh not easely,
Displeasure and thought doth bring him dnto wrake
And ploungeth his hert full ofte in fantasie:
Marchandise he seeth to sell, and faine would bye
But I am away that euer doe the dede.
Than sinketh his thought in depe melancoly
Distresse and dolour doth cause his hert to blede.

Man.

Thou speakest inough but holde me yet excuse
Thy worde to beleue, for al thine appetite
On leasing is set, that man were well abused
That woulde for thy host, and wordes white
Haue in the fanoure, loue, or els deelyte:
For whoso lyst to liue at libertie
And of displeasure and trouble would be quite
Doughte as fro a serpent fro thy lone to flie.

All wickednes is wrought by meane of thee
As Robberies, rapine, vsury, and striffe
with fraude, flattery, disceite and subtiltie
Brawling and barat, with all misordered lyfe.
Thou raisest debate betwix the man and wife
Thou causest man oft to sweare bloud, armes, and braynes
And sodainly at last he dieth vpon a knife
All for thy loue, thys is a goodly gaynes.

Money.

Thou speakest not well, I tell thee man agayne,
For who that hath me is honoured as a lord,
A knaue can I make for nebe a captaine
The great man shall lowte (and neuer to remorde)
Unto the villayne, the wise man shall accorde
Lowly to the foole his bonet to anale
With master Doctour in mouth at every worde
And knee to ground to boote him of his bale.

But

The Baire and Saire of Fortune.

But he that lacketh my friendship in his male
Had he the strength of Samson in his time,
The tongue of Tully for to tell his tale,
And Salomons wit living without crime,
Yet for he hath no helpe nor succoure by me
The people in play shal point him with the finger
Loe there goeth a semespyher in algonisme,
There goeth a wretch, a foole, and a barat bringer.

Han.

Were it not tath I haue intellection
Reason and wisdom to knowe what is what,
Thy foolish presumption and hardy objection
would bring me in doubt what for this or that,
whether I should beleue thy wordes or nat:
By lust probacion yet trust I for to finde
Good matter inough thy boasting and barat
Clerely to confounde, and make thy reason blinde.

Ful oft I thinke and muse in my mynde
Upon thy faite thou cursed creature,
Entombred thou hast full many of mankynde,
As well is founden writen in Scripture:
Such fantasie men haue bene thy false figure
And so desire thy cursed acquaintance
That the poore soule may seke his aduenture,
So dost thou draw them to the devils daunte.

Honey.

Be still man I say, for I haue liell Joye
Thus to heare thee Jangle as he that taketh no hede,
who builded London that named was netue Troye
But I puslant peny, that eche man cloth and fede.
Euer groweth grace out of my gromel seide
Pozke, Lincolne, Linne, Leycestre, Litchfelde, and Lancastre
I biled Bristow, Brevingam and Barwik upon Cwede
Duresme, Darby, Dorcestre, Douer, and Dancastre.
Winchestre, Walden, Worcester, weare, warwith & Westchelle
Cambyrge, Carlell, Couenter, Calais, and Canterbury
Bath, Boston, Bedforde, Bokingha, Roelton, and Rochester
Medla, Mancestre, Palmesburi, Stawintonde, & Tunelbury
A.iii. South

Donthamto, Sandwich, Subbiny, some Alders & Sylestury
Donthamton, Newark, Northha, New Cal, & upon Fine
Great cause may I haue, for to be glad and merry,
Such these and thousandes more be made by the al, b mine.

Man.

TO heare thy wordes it is a wondrous
For neuer was noble Citie made by force,
But by the occasion of thy cursednes,
Hath been destroyed ful many a faire Citie,
Howbeit mankinde by great subtiltie,
By diligent labour and politike prudence
Through out the world in every country
Hath made many Cities and towles euer since.

Not by thy meane, but by experience
Of his pregnant wisdom in the operation,
He made and forged thee by his hand, & milke science
Of earth that is matter most vile in reputation,
Thou giest to thy selfe a great colland
As profitable to man, which is eche waye but true.
Full many a faire Citie to better conuention
By thee hath been brought, that doth al bar at due.

Money

GREATLY hast thou erred as man not well advised
He thus to rebuke, and bitterly dispise,
Full litel reason is in thy head compared
He thus to reprove it is no gentill guise.
Great lordes and ladies that be both good and wise
And al degrees haue me in love and fauour
And gladly a meane would finde and deuise
By kinde acquaintance to purchase eueri hour.

Thou knowest how god the high prothopias
Of earth hath formed man after his own image
Of al the world he made him gouernour
And after that, I wil not kepe in cage
How man made the with croffe and crowned with
Out of the earth wherof him selfe he came,
Why should man be contrary to me in his case,
Sith he came of the earth and I came of the same.

Man;

As in this tale thou sayest me trouth in dede,
God hath made man of erth a byle substance
This do I beleue as parcell of my crede
But than god gaue him soule made to his owne semblance.
With many faire giftes he bid him than aduancee
Endowed him with vertue grace, wysdome, and reason,
To order him and his, and do his obseruaunce
Into god his maker, whan tyme requyryth and sealon.

A thinge vnrasonable art thou nor worthy two peason
Unworthy to be compted of gods high creacion
But mā him self he made, whan grace was with him gealon
As nought out of nought, by cursed instigation
Of subtil Sathanas that gaue him information:
Than welth, grace and goodnes their rounes gan to resignie,
Thy pride amonges Princes toke such a domination
That many royall royalmes ben brought vnto rume.

Money.

Though dostt grea wrong so strongly me to blame,
That god hath made man of the .iii. Elementes.
To serue him as his lord, I fully graunt the same,
In Genesis written the matier euident is:
And man hath made me (what nede these argumentes)
In semblable wyse to serue him at his nede,
Lying by reason and as conuenient is
Preseruing his soule from vice in worde and dede.

whan god formed man (thy selfe thou mayst it rede)
He gaue him fre will that he in all goodnes
Might make here in erth his profit and his spede
Of me and all other creatures more and les:
Syth man hath reason, and will of his lightnes
Misuse me, putting his soule in ieopardy,
Should I be blamed for his vnstablenes
No god forbid, there is no reason why.

Money.

Be still false money, and vnderstand my sayes
Full cursed art thou, and made all in dispice,

as thou in this world art.

Thou

The Waple and Honore of fortune

Of reason, of right, decrees, and all good lawes:
For after that man had made the for delite
The golden world furthwith was quenched quite,
What time all roye was to the people rise
No trosse nor coynt of the not worth a nyte
Had they that tyme, and ledde a mery lyfe.

Their Marchandise they gaue man chyld and wyfe
One thinge for an other by way of Innocence,
Al riches was commune without barat or strife
Trelours men hated as deeth or pestilence:
Full ioyously they lyued without concupiscence
Of the, that are now the causer of all byre.
Thy cursed coyne and incommenience
So byenneth mennes hertes with tye of auarice.

Money.

Thy wordes as Japes ought wel to be recompted
For by thy speche I se thou wouldest susteyne
That one man than, an other not surmounted:
It is not trouth, for it appereth playne
Howe sum were subiectes, and sum were soueraigne,
Record I take in the olde testament
Of Aembroth the great, as kinge and Capitaine
That had great people to him obedient.

Wherfore I sinner, as thing expedient
Was sought out and corned, mankinde to succoure,
None Emperoure there is, King, Duke, ne Regent
But I must byholde his dignitie and honoure:
Who maynteyneth Justice but myne excellent powere,
Who punisheth my doers that doe the poer oppresse,
Who wageth the seruant who payeth the souleour,
But I pusshant peny that doth all wronges requesse.

Man.

Nay leaue out rebyes, and say that do all wrong,
For when tryth is tried that wyl be the conclusion:
Is Justice doen by money, for shame stop thy tong,
Such wordes to promouge is a great adusion:
Say Justice by money is brought to clere confusion.
But noble wylmen that reason haue in floze

The Baite and Snare of Fortune.
with connyng and tenniscience, and cast for no collusion
By these is Justice exalted evermore.

But by false mean these depe men in loze,
haue off a crossed cloude cast afore their sight,
That neuer a true letter witten them before
Can be vnderstand, so stopped is the lyght:
The poore mā hath his matter made wrong out of the right,
And therupon is geuen false iudgement:
This iustice by thee reuerced lyeth vpright,
And law tepe in the dyke is dyuen down and dyent.

Money

As for an answer, I say vnto thee man,
Parte of thy wordes be true, I doe consent,
Saying that the lawes be ended now and than
By great learned men of wise entendment.
But who so euer before them doth present
His righteous matter without my help in harde
His case by so downe is cast incontinent,
The grounde therof they can not vnderstande.

But he that hath treasure, golde, silver, house and lande,
He shall be obeyed as lord with yonge and olde,
That man may leade the world well in a bande.
For eche man to him giveth, and sayeth, good mayster holde.
Who so hath De quibus, hath pleasures manyfolde,
Him nedeth not to care for chyldren ne for wife,
For trouble or vexacion, for hunger o; for colde,
He taketh no thought, but leaderh a mery life.

Man.

The more we dispute, the falser doo I fynde
Thy wordes penyth peny, for man without measure
Hath payne for thy sake, though his desirous mynde,
Bothe nyght and daye with all his busie cure,
Ouer hylles and dales (alas poore creature)
He rydeth, he runneth, and ouer sea he sayleth,
He pyggeth, he belueth, and dolour doth endure
For peny, yet his peyne sumtime hym nought auaileth.

* If man would marke wel how peny him preynteth,
A meynaylous thyng it wer for to consider.

To serue hys maker both nyght and day he saylath,
But mynde of money hym draweth he tareth not wyllyng,
He cenneth for money now hyther and now thither,
More daungerous in dede thou arte and paysonable
Than is the venym of serpent, toade, or spyder,
Through mynde of money is man made myserable.

Money.

If man woulde be content with suffisaunce
Of worldly substance, hauiour, and ryches
He shoulde for certayne tyme without greuaunce,
without such treauayle, payne, and busines,
happy shoulde he bee me peny to polles,
To tyme for ever in tope, dispoite and pleasure.
And yf hym lyst, so gouerne hym dourles,
To be without all rancour and displeasure.

But sith he cannot be content with measure,
Such treauayle and payne behoueth it him to take
Pennies to purchase with riche substance and treasure,
Quietnes and rest for me he doth forsake,
with treauayle and paine he is content to wake
Because he knoweth my puissant excellence
He to assemble with meanes that he can make,
he doeth him endeuyour with all his diligence.

Man.

He that on money so fixeth his entent
More wicked he is than euer was Judas,
Leading his life in sorow and tourment,
And euer abyding a miserable caas,
Of bites an heape he hath both more and lasse,
As couetise and pride, with claspyn gygardy,
Treachery also him shall not overpas,
Enuy nor wrath, nor wretched plury.

In him is neyther law, prudence, nor pollicy
To do a good dede he neuer can haue leasure:
All grate and goodnes haue leane to passe by,
his mynde is set hollie of riches to haue leasure,
In detestable bites is set his only pleasure,
And goodes for to assemble in great aboundaunce,

The Baite and Snare of Fortune.
Wherof he hath no mynde againe to make disceasure,
But poore men to punishe vnto the oultraunte.

Money.

To heare thee speake, it seemeth platne in dede
That man without the with sinne is neuer blent:
That is not so, nowe take vnto me dede.
Whan Sathe with subtiltie doeth mannes mynde prenent,
And man of his lyghtnes inclineth his entent
Abuertence to geue vnto his false temptacion,
And after doeth the dede with foule and vile consent,
Shall I beare the blame for his abhominacion?

Nowe marke well my saying, after the worldes creation
First was made Adam, as father of mankinde:
Who fell not long after to preuarication.
His makers commaundement as creature vnkinde,
Right sinfully he transgressed, so pride made him blynder:
Cam after murdered Abel the meane tyme was not long.
That tyme was I vncorped, therfore man chaunge thy mind
To blame me of all euils, in dede thou dost great wrong.

Money.

This is a false excuse if it might be so taken,
Yet infinite euils thou causest and offence:
Goddes high commaundement for thee is oft forsaken,
His lawes be broken by disobedience.
Men drawe to them Money with all the ir diligence,
By barat, by subtiltie, by rapine and deceipt:
The poore thou defoulest by force and violence,
That beg must be nedes, thou holdest him so strait.

Only thou raisest among them that be great,
That many Royalmes therby decay and be destroyed,
Slaine are the Captaynes, and wrach lyeth in awayte
All citie and towne are perished and annoyed:
On misery and mischief thus money is employed,
For money man applieth him to all abhominacion,
Grace and good manners for thee he doeth auoyde:
No reason can be layed to this, nor replication.

Money.

If I lacked reason against thee to reply,
 If in after wer lyke ful porety to be layed,
 If all these euilles and wretched mysery
 Myght be founde in me that thou hast to me layed
 In thee wer than the ryght, it myght not be denyed:
 For man of his nature he is so myserable
 With all the worldes wealth he can not be appayed
 His mynde euermyght is so insatiabable.

The deuylles temptation to him is acceptable
 That Cresus the kyng was not so couetous;
 In all his dedes than is he varyable,
 A brawler, a baratour, and oft sedicious
 And yet wurst of all he is so lecherous
 That he me consumeth in fowle fornication.
 Beware yet I aduise him, for pockes be verylong,
 Least they; violently corrolgues hym cal to consum:nation.

Man.

If I of my lyghtnes would to thee condescende,
 Thou wouldest blase thyself as creature good and true:
 Say glutton, the wynde standeth in an other ende:
 Thou makest women wanton, and to annoyd vertue,
 For thee they sell they; bodyes, and so they do ensue
 With vicious luyng they; sensuall appetite:
 Yet lechery at last they; bale sunnyme doeth bryue,
 That oft they lyue in dolour after they; soule deuyte.

Spousebreche with sum is counted not a myte,
 So money may be gotten they care not how or what:
 Fyne beuerthies as silke, and smokes as snow so white,
 Hattes, hyttles, gounes & gyddles, this great must nedes be gat
 With brouches, beades, and ringes, and who shal pay for that:
 The husbandes be so poore, they lacke boeth golde and gages:
 To finde therfore sum frendshyp where florens be more fat,
 Oft fall they to aduourty, and breake they; marriages.

Money.

Now I make aunswere apertly yet agayne
 That thy woordes be neyther true nor stable:
 I am in no wise cause, I tell it thee for certayne

Though

Though woman by her wit and mynde that is mutable
Doe otherwise than right, as frayle and variable,
Two thinges in women make hourly theyr inuasion,
Enduynge them euer to warres vituperable:
For of all vertue these two be chief abrasion.

The fyrst may be called the false perswasion
Of Sathanas that neuer ceaseth them to assaile:
The other is ambition, these two be the chief occasion
That man nor woman in vertue can perswade,
And womens heartes of nature be so frayle,
Light as the leaf, and mouyng as the wynde,
Redy to consent to thinges of none auayle,
That they of afterclaps haue no thought nor mynde.

Man.

Fall cursed art thou money and muche vnfortunate,
And founden wast thou fyrst in euyl time and tyde,
The hardes, the dice, and other plates inordinate,
By thee ben by brought, wherby God is reneped,
And newly with blasphemies and othes crucified:
By thee are committed vices out of numbre,
His pooze soule to perishe to man thou art a gyde,
And death with euill ende at last him doth obumbr.

Thou teachest hym the maner his soule to entombre,
wherby he renteth God, and wilfully offendeth,
For thee by night and daye withouten slepe or slombre,
All vices he auauunceth, no vertue he entendeth.
The pooze for all his pouertie by thee his porcion spendeth;
The world goeth to wretchednes by thee and to destruction.
By thee to fowle enormitie all goeth, and there it endeth,
For to all wretched wickednes thou art induction.

Money.

Thou speakest I perceyue without consideration.
So cruelly to blame me of all enormitie:
Mine armes in dede thou blasest in an homely fashon.
Marke well myr wordes & whyle now I pray thee,
where seest thou any man that is of grauitie
Blaspheming his God, or swearing by his name:
Never in thy life, this lesson take of me,
But riotours and rybaldes that haue no dread of shame.

B.4

The

The wise man that loneth his honour and good familie
Blasphemynghis maker thou shalt hym neuer here,
In play, disporte, and pastyme, in gladnes and in graine,
He hath respect to sadnes, his reason is so nere.
But baratours and brayneles bybouts met in fere,
They make they dismember, and on his name they wunder,
At table, at taverne, at churche, and euery where:
Great horro: is to hear, howe they rent hym asunder.

Man.

Thou myghtest be a minion to kepe good company,
For tounge thou hast ynough thy matter to susteyne:
If I vnto thy purpose consent woulde or applie,
Thou wouldest say here that Iesus our kyng and souerayne
Is not by thee offended, yes yes, I tell the plaine,
By night of tynes a million, and muche more by the daie.
whd woulde to thee geue credence a foole he wer certaine,
For thou art full of fiction, thy wordes be false alwaie.

But answer nowe my question penic I thee prae,
That thinkest thee so myghty, so sterne, so gay and stoute:
Yelde me a solucion to this that I shall saie,
Concerning a matter wherof I stande in doute:
Thou sayest that by thy maistrie thou bingest muche aboute,
And of thy wurtchie valour great doct dost thou blowe:
what is thy puissaunt power, I prae thee speake it out:
For this is all the matter that I woulde of thee know.

Honey.

Well doe I vnderstand thy purpose and intencion,
And also perceiue the effect of thy demaunde:
It is not so harde, nor of so high inuencion,
But yf thou wer in Tre: is in midwarde of the sande,
I shoulde full well asple it ere thou mightest cum to land.
By valour and power thy question is to knowe,
It is no littel matter thou shalt it vnderstande,
I am of noble fame, beloued with high and lowe.

Vpon the church of God great substance I bestowe,
The ministers that serue hym be all at my wages:
The poore haue my succour in hunger, frost, and snowe,
I feede both horse and man in holy pilgrimages.

For

For faier yong lusty maydens I purchase mariages:
whan Churthes and chapels be falling in decay,
I must make reparation: with masters and with pages
My helpe must nedes be had, or els there is no pay.

Man.

W^hil wordes thou wouldest affirme that no good dede
Is doen without thee, thine aide, or assistens:
whith all I denye, and shall it proue for nede
That euer been thy wordes unworthy of credence:
Untrue art thou euer, and by thy false pretens,
Doest teache men the trace of all iniquitie,
Prouoking him enen to inconueniens,
And plounging his heart in great perplexitie.

Affirme wouldest thou same by thy peruersitie.
That man cannot be saued from endles paine
Without thy fauour, thine aide and amitie,
Wherin I say no reason doeth remaine:
Full many a soule (more pittie it is certaine)
Is damned by thee to euerlasting fire.
And many one moe in ioye should euer raigne
If they should leane thy loue in hote desier.

Money.

R^egarde man and consider as reason will discerne,
How I as of my selfe can nothing doe ne say:
In thee lieth al the dede, that hast me to gouerne,
wherfoze if thou of thy lightnes thee list by night or day
To leade me that am blinde no streite but crooked way,
The fault if we fall is thine, not mine in dede.
To order me aright it is no chylde's play,
Looke therfore ere thou leape, the better shalt thou spee.

I am the post and piller vnto all Adams seede,
The father of the faith sometime is made by me,
The Pope I meane, Gods vicar, and captaine of his crede,
Great Emperours and Kinges I crowne in magestie,
Duke, Marquise, earle, baron, and Lordes of eche degree,
Rich Cardinals, Archbishops, the bishop and his Deane,
Abbot, priour, prouost, the bailife with his fee
All that haue promotion may thanke me and my meane.

B. II.

Money

Man.

Money full of vanitie, thou makest me all dismayed,
Considering and knowing thy fraude and faculties,
Wherwith full nere the worlde is destroyed and decayed:
When be I graunt full of vice and vanities,
In townes, in borowghes, in castels and cities:
But this notwithstanding at last Atropos herueth
A sunder theyr heartes, as she that without pille is,
So goeth the corps to earth, the soule as it deserueth.

By arrogance outrageous thy tounge on banting swerueth,
Saying that by money be purchased high estates,
Bothe Emperour and Kyng at last by death he sternueth,
That anapleth it then theyr shoyers and ducates:
Eche prince and prelate the darte of death chekimates.
Record may be taken of Cesar and Pompeus,
Of Alexander, of Arthure, and Hector past theyr dates,
Of Charlemayn, gentle Iosue, and Judas Machabeus.

Money.

Thy wysedome to redresse, and spirittes to reuue,
And of thy troubled reason to make a reformation,
Of Adam thy fyrst father sumwhat I shall discryue.
Immortall was he made by God at his creation,
But after that by Sathanas subtyl instigation,
He fed hym with the frute, therewith he dyd transgression,
And so becam he mortal, for death tooke domination
And mortall still continueth of man the hole succession.

With death on father Adam thus tooke his fyrst possession,
He proudeby executeth his pryuylege eche houre
On prelate, prince and poore man he bleseth his oppression,
Indifferently he dealeth as wel with ryche as poore,
As soothe the young as olde he dayly doeth deuour.
To captyues he is comfort for al disease he cureth,
Aboue all kynges and Capitanes he is a conquerour,
His pryde shall neuer perish whyle the worlde endureth.

Man.

Money all thy wordes I do well vnderstand,
But nothyng to my pourpose doe I in them espy,
Thy sayynges to deny styll will I take in hand,

And

And swi what on thy backe of charge yet lay shall I.
I knowe to thyne opinion eche person will applye,
For al men are glad to haue thyne alliance,
The poore is deceyued, the ryche hath garyes therby,
Ben fauoure thy faulsetyng and haue therein assaunce.

The ryche man oppresseth the poore by his puissance:
And whan the poore syndeth hym self at indigence,
wrongfully intreated and dyuen to penaunce,
his reason than he leaseth, his wit and intelligence,
Turmentyng hymself by great impacience:
his maker he blasphemeth, all halowes he despyeth.
And who causeth all this inconuenience,
But mony, that euer to mischysse men entreth.

Mony.

The ryche peradventure oppresseth nowe and than,
The poore man in dede: but who is cause of this?
Couetise and auarise the daughters of Sathan,
Euenmore entising a man to wike amis:
The Church they despoyle, the poore the poste may kis,
For nothyng they leaue hym, to plame hym nonght anapleth.
Shal I than beare the blame: no lay it where it is:
Laye the blame on rapine that so vniustly dealeth.

I knowe it of trouth, whan breds mannes mynde assayleth,
whan he draweth in age to fall in pouerty,
Considering howe peny in purse hym much preuaileth,
As neybout that is necessary in eche necessity,
his fauour and affection enclyneth muche to me,
And good reason why: for who that may not haue
To helpe hym in his age in carefull case is he,
An hundred tymes a day he wysheth for his grane.

Man.

Hough hast thou pronounced, nowe that I thee confonde:
By thee as I haue sayde, was lost the worlde of golde.
But nowe marke wel the wurdess that I shal tel thee rounde,
By thee the gentyll Iesus vnto the Jewes was solde,
whych after his great paynes and passions manyfolde
was stretched on a tree, and naked therto nayled,
Best aied he was by Judas, for thyrty penies tolde,
Thy cursed coyne with couetise so strongly him assapleth.

Wm.

Great

Great cause had now the Seariot to wepe & to bewaile it,
That euer thou wast founden or fro the erth out cried:
For to haue been vnborne it had hym more awayed,
Than to haue wrought the treason wherby his master died.
But where is now the trayson, the thefe, the homicide
with Sathan and his seres in the infernall glode.
In perdurable paynes behouth him to abyde,
For lone of thee faulse money loe this he hath his mede.

Money.

I Se thy hart is great, with wordes thou woldest defame me
Reproching me that Iesus should be by me betrayed:
With helpe of cursed Iscarot vntruly dost thou blame me,
Thou dost mistake the matter, vntuly hast thou sayed,
Thou layest on me the blame, but holde thet man appayed,
The trowth of the matter I shal to thee expyes.
Thre causes of his death in dede there may be layed,
That he was foule by treason as fyrst I wyll confes.

The Jewes wer much wyl daynours and ful of wiche dnes,
Al subtilties they searched, they set their false intent
To death to haue him iudged they brought their false witness
Into their prouost pplate their prince they dyd present,
Whoe to his condemnation dyd finally consent,
For dyde to be depriued and put out from his office,
Though sound were none occasion, on Christ he gaue sentence
Great crymes are thus committed by meane of auarice,

Man.

S O perfetely dispute agaynst thet can not I,
But thou dost adde the same incontinent,
To all my wordes full me! thou dost reply,
With approbacion right conuenient,
And so I do perceyue as by mine owne iudgement,
If man with his money would be so reasonable
To vse it in vertue, and with a good entent,
The blame therof shuld neuer be dampnable.

But when man of him selfe is so insatiable
To couet worldly goodes without reason or measure,
Ful wretched is he doubtles, and more than inferable
Of his abhominacion it is a great displeasure,

A man

A man to haue money, welth, and worldly treasure
In vertue to auantage him, and vices to auoyde:
Of his welth and welfare all other may haue pleasure,
So he him crosse from couetise for doubte to be aclopyde.

Money.

Three thinges there be to man as venim paysonable
Whan they be all assenbled the man for to assaile:
The fyrst is age the croked with stouping lumines vnsable,
On man he daily crepeth, no watching may auayle:
And sicknes is the second that doeth the strength to fayle,
The colour he consumeth, all pleasure he subdueth,
The thyrde is paynfull pouertie, these thre be shreu de cataple,
Whan these be met in man they metyng sore he rueth.

I say for my conclusion, all solate him er lueth
That hath of penec plentie to take whan tyme requereth,
He may lyue out of daunger, for euer his toye renuerth,
But pooze men that be penples melanche ly them fyreth,
The pooze opprest with pouertie ful of this death despyreth,
So bulleth him his dolour, of God taken he no hede,
That after all his misery he wretchedly expyret
To steale, to beg or borrow, man is compelled for nede.

Man.

Worldly goodes by suffisaunce to man is necessary,
To take thym at his nede and serue hym in goodnes;
But yet he must regarde, for drede his welch malscar,
That all his goodes be got by way of rightousnes.
Let God alwayes be serued before all busines,
In gatheryng of his goodes man may not vse decrete,
Goodes kept agaynst al right fy fy on sucherthes,
The poze must be relyued with clothyng, drinke and meate.

Pride maye not bee eralted because the goodes be greate,
In sumptuousnes of clothyng let measure be a mean,
Let reason shape the fashion, not ouer large ne straye,
All prodigall expences is wisdom to refrayne.
For he that is excessive a captyfe shal remayne.
Whan Right hath gadered riches, let Reason than expende it.
In vertue, to the honour of God our soueraine,
So order we our money that God be not offended.

Finis.

The Anchor.

Regarde well all my Lordes that shall this treatise reade
Of man and his money, this is the disputacion,
Great reaso make they both, who to the same taketh hede,
Euer him boasteth money as high in reputacion,
Recording by his valour, but man makes denegacion.
Unto all men my reason I say as I have thought,
Solas is most in season when silver is vnsought.
By penny to preferment many a man is brought
In borough, towne and citie, all men of eche estate
Enforce them selfe to please him, the poore is lette at nought,
Succour he seeketh, but silver and he be at debate.
Therefore to make conclusion I say now at my gate,
Of great good debes by Doney full manye be done doubtles,
Nevertheless yet is it cause of many a wretchednes.

Explicit nomen authoris.

Good Counsaile



Et thy goods truly, Spende them precisely.
Set thy goods duly, Lende thou them wisely.
True getting, Cise spending,
Due setting, Wise lending,
Hane be little or much, Repeth a manne full rutche
Untill hys endyng.

Fins.

